

Saddle
Room
Songs

By

Stirrup=
Cup

V. Scarce

£25

Ralph Vaughan.

Ap. '25.

Saddle Room Songs, by Stirrup-Cup.

STROUD :
JOHN WHITE,
23, GEORGE STREET.

—
1924.

The Author wishes to make all due acknowledgments to the editors of "Horse and Hound," "Captain" Magazine, "Newcastle Daily Journal" and "Gloucester Chronicle," in whose pages some of these verses have appeared.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Dedication - - - -	5
Haydon Days - . - -	6
Waterford Fair - - - -	16
The dealer buys - - - -	17
The dealer sells - - - -	19
The run of the season - - - -	21
Unclean - - - -	23
Cubbing - - - -	24
The Pitman's Derby - - - -	26
Blencathra - - - -	29
A passing - - - -	30
Down Berkeley way - - - -	39
Little Red Fox - - - -	40
A Berkeley Toast - - - -	44
A Hunting song - - - -	45
A word in season - - - -	47
The five furlong race - - - -	48
Thawing - - - -	50
The Squire's daughter - - - -	51
Gone away ! - - - -	57

Dedication.

To

Evelyn and John Fullerton.

If I can bring the past to pass
Before your eyes in swift review,
The jumps, the gallops over grass,
If I can bring them back to you
I have done all I sought to do.

If I can conjure to your ear
The sounds you loved in days long spent,
The horn's soft note, the huntsman's cheer,
The good pack, screaming to the scent,
Then I indeed am well content.

If I can weave into your dream
Some memory you would retain,
Or from the long ago redeem
Some well loved sportsman's face again,
These rhymes have not been writ in vain.

Haydon Days.

Riding an old ride once again,
To-night beside the firelight's glow,
O'er Haydon Fell up Haydon Lane,
It all comes back to me so plain,
Out of the long dead long ago.
I ride there now but in my dreams;
But dreams keep ever fresh and sweet
The memory, however fleet
Time 's all relentless footstep seems.

Chesterwood Kennels is our meet
And none so happy as am I
On Peter, that old pony grey,
My heart beats fast, my hopes run high,
The air feels moist, and dull the sky,
There's bound to be a scent to-day.

I reach the meet and there I see
Tom Maling standing by the door,
Kindly and smiling, as of yore,
Making all welcome equally.
There 's Edward Joicey on a grey,
Charles Ridley, Lowe, and Conings, three,
Squire Allgood on a raking bay,
True sportsman albeit sound divine,

Close upon eighty he must be,
Yet he can shew the way as well
As his own sons across the fell
And that is no small boast I ween;
'There's black Sid Watson from the mine,
With Thompson up from Greyside Dene,
And Arthur Spraggon 's over there,
George Gibson on a chestnut mare,
Collingwood Jackson on a brown,
Scanning the field in swift review
To see whose 'sub' is overdue;
The lane is getting in a squash,
Here comes the Squire of Hexham town,
Ben Baker too, from Allerwosh,
(He's got plum-pudding in his pockets),
That cob will pull his arms from sockets
Before the day is halfway thro'.

"Hounds, gentlemen!" Here comes the pack,
All keen from sterns to killing teeth;
The Master climbs on Actor's back
And gives the word for Plunder Heath.
Wild Plunder Heath whose name betrays
Dark deeds done there in bygone days,
Where robbers lurked while night was still
To rob the coaches on the hill.
But Plunder Heath is blank to-day
And so 's the next draw too, alas;
The prospect doesn't look so gay:
Then Holland and his beauties pass
Down a long field of rough fell grass,
And then, "Yooi in! Yooi push him over!"
He caps them into Capon's Cleugh,

Where Rutherford, of Brockenheugh,
Has seen a fox slip into covert.

A whirr of wings across the sky,
This way and that the pheasants fly,
All fearful lest to-day 's a shoot:
Then Soldier speaks—there 's fox afoot:
“Go hark to Soldier!” Holland's cry
Rings echoing down the long ravine,
A puppy whimpers, nervous keen,
Then Viking's deep unerring throat
Gives tongue and Drifty's certain note
Bring the whole pack to own the scent
“Hark for'ad! Hark to Drifty there!”

Cries Holland, “That's the way he went!”
A crash of music rends the air
And from the road far down below
A whip's voice screams out, “Tally Ho!”

“Oh, hold hard there! Where 's hurry's need?
'Tighten your girth and cram your hat,
You smokers, drop the fragrant weed
And keep your eyes and ears awake.
Ah, gently now, more haste less speed
Hold hard, boy! Where you gettin' at?
You don't know yet which way he'll break,
You don't know yet which way he'll take,
Or Haydon Bridge or Newbrough way.
Hold hard, give hounds a chance, I say!”

Over the road, across the line
The fox holds on for the banks o' Tyne;

But Tyne 's too flooded now to swim
So he turns east by Allerwash,
While loud behind him comes the crash
Of foxhounds screaming after him.
Back up the railway, up the lane,
He tries to make the Cleugh again,
But circumstances alter courses,
The road above is full of horses,
So he must cross much farther on,
And even now all will be well
If he can skirt Nine Acres Wood
And reach the earth in Haydon Fell,
Where he so oft to ground has gone.
Faster he goes, the scent is good,
And when hounds stoop and scream and drive
It take a good fox to keep alive.

Scarce half way up the hill he 's got
Before out of a shepherd's cot
A barking sheepdog makes him turn
A frightened mask for Newbrough burn;
Down thro' the churchyard then he hurries,
Past Newbrough Lodge, across the park,
He knows the earth in Fourstones quarries,
And brighter glows Hope's flick'ring spark:
Then in and out of Murder Lane,
Across some fields of stubble where
The black-game come for winter fare,
Thro' the low end of Meggie's Dene
Where once a witch had her abode,
They say her ghost is sometimes seen,
In her old cottage up the road,
Behind a broken window pane.

Towards the Quarries strains the fox,
Five minutes more and safety then,
There 's sanctuary in those steep rocks
Set like a fortress on the hill;
The pack screams close,—home's closer still.
But, oh, a crowd of quarrymen
Is standing by the main earth's ledge,
"Hi, Tally ho, the fox!" they shout,
And throw big stones to keep him out.
Unbeaten still he turns and flies
Downhill again, along the hedge,
"I hope the earth 's stopt in Carr Edge,"
Says Holland, "Or he'll beat us yet;
If stopt, his brush is mine, I bet."

But Reynard 's still too fresh and game
To make the Carr Edge earth his aim,
He knows it 's artificial made
And far too handy for a spade
To prove a harbour safe and sound
For hunted fox to go to ground:
Instead he turns his mask north west
Where, rising from the rough fell fields
The distant Crag of Sewingshields
Uprears to heaven its rocky crest,
And casts a shadow, still as death,
Into the lovely tarn beneath.

Tho' Sewingshields be all five mile
A stout fell fox is full of guile,
He sees the farm below the quarries,
Into the yard he springs unbidden

And rolls him over in the midden,
The stink is strong, for quite a minute
He rolls and twists and wallows in it,
Then leaps the wall and onward hurries.

Over the rocks the foxhounds swarm
Thinking the earth is his design,
Then "Hark to Drifty! That's the line!
Down by the hedgerow to the farm!"
Into the yard full cry they spring,
The scent is good enough to kill
But midden stink is stronger still.
The chorus stops, their heads they fling,
Then Holland cries, "Damn that manure!
I thought I had him certain sure,
To kill a fox is hard enough
Without manure—the bloody stuff!
It's bloody near as bad as wire!
This place is nigh hock deep in mire."
Then round the yard he casts his eye,
Into each cattle shed and byre,
In case his fox is lying sly.

Most sportsmen do not mind confessing
A check can be a real blessing
To hunting folk of every kind,
Some at the start were left behind
Having just one more at the Swan,
A whip 's been bringing stragglers on,
One fellow may have cast a shoe,
The thruster 's had a toss or two,
Others don't care to risk their necks

In jumping, (these rely on checks),
The fat cob cannot jump the place
The hunter can, or go the pace,
His rider then must be content
To follow on the way hounds went:
Scent fails and then, from every lane,
All these come spurring up again.

Now Holland takes the pack along
The bridle track beside the hedge,
The fox is sure to try Carr Edge,
But no response, the cast is wrong;
Then suddenly his eyesight keen
Far on ahead beyond the Dene
Sees frightened sheep all scattering fast,
He lifts his horn and gives a blast,
He lets his spurs in Snowflake's sides,
And "hell-for-leather" off he rides
To where the timid flock still wheels,
The pack all racing at his heels,
A good mile on he takes them hard,
What scent there was the sheep have marred;
A good mile on and then stops dead,
Over the fell the good hounds spread,
Then comes a whimper, then a note,
And then once more from every throat
Bursts music like a peal of bells,
Then off full cry across the fells.

So the whole motley cavalcade
To action now once more is stirred,
They cross the road the Romans made,

Where once the Tungrian cohorts spurred,
In front the fox, with fur all mud,
Hard pressed by hounds mad keen for blood,
Next Holland urging Snowflake on,
Then some in groups, some one by one,
Over the fell the field migrates,
Some jumping walls some finding gates,
Some turning back, some trying still
To live with hounds across the hill.
Tho' nearly last, most manfully,
Brave Peter does his best for me.
He's never beat although he's small,
And twice to-day he 's had a fall,
His stride don't cover too much ground,
His poor old legs are none too sound,
But courage he has never lost,
He'll see the end at any cost.

The scent improves, on strives the fox,
A certain refuge now in view
In that deep earth below the rocks:
Though well nigh spent his heart is true!
His brush drags heavier, every yard
Hounds pressing closer, racing hard.
Above him three old crows are flying:
"Dying." He hears them croak, "He 's dying."
Almost he feels upon his back
The sharp teeth close with sickening crack:
If he can last but two more fields
And climb the rocks at Sewingshields,
He 's made his point and gained the fight,
And earned a hard-won rest to-night.

But Holland keeps him too hard pressed,
His lungs are bursting in his breast,
His pads are cut, his muscles stiff,
His blood-filled eyes scarce see the cliff;
He wins the rocks and starts to climb,
His pads slip on the wet stone slime,
He struggles to the main earth's lip,
Then Drifty strikes,—he feels her grip,
He wriggles, twists with all his might,
She loses hold, he's out of sight,
The red fur 's sticking to her jaws;
Around the earth the mad pack roars
And screams with baffled rage:—the fox
Drags his spent body 'neath the rocks;
Loud from without the sharp horn twangs,
He gains the innermost recess,
Then falls with utter weariness
And lies at bay with gleaming fangs.
“To ground!” 's the cry: “He 's gone to ground!”
“And not a terrier to be found!”
The terrier man is miles away,
No hope of seeing him to-day.
The earth is far too deep and big
And rocky for a man to dig,
'Twould break a spade at once to try;
So we must let the red fox lie,
Another day we're sure to find him
And have as good a hunt behind him;
If sport like this he always gives
It matters not how long he lives
To shew the hounds the way about
The fells.

Hullo! My pipe 's gone out!
The dead fire whispers in the grate,
The room grown cold, the hour is late;
Time flies when thus my memory strays
Back to those happy Haydon days.

Waterford Fair.

Patsey put the saddle on the young brown mare,
Another on the ginger colt as well;
We'll take them into Waterford, to-morrow is the fair,
There's Hartigan an' Duggan an' O'Ryan 'll be there,
An' I'm the boy for knowin' how to sell..

We'll plunge thim, lunge thim an' trot thim up an' down,
We'll trim thim up as nate as they can be,
Wid ribbons in their tails they'll be the talk of all the town,
You can ride the ginger colt an' I can ride the brown,
An' we'll make thim each a dandy pedigree.

All Waterford then will stagger wid surprise
To see what splendid horses we've got there,
The money we shall get 'll make the people stretch their eyes,
Thim we'll go to Father Quin for absolution for the lies
We've told to iv'rybody at the fair.

The Dealer buys.

Mr. Dooley.

"Come over here, Pat, I've one worth lookin' at,
As quick as a cat an' as bold as a bull,
He 's handsome an' clever, ye'll aquall him never,
I'll take fifty sovrins, he's worth double full."

Mr. O'Ryan.

"Just look at the craychur! His coat 's got no naychur,
He 's one I would never be buyin' at all,
He 's not worth a song, for his head 's put on wrong,
He 's wake in his hocks an' he 's got a foot small,"

Mr. Dooley.

"Sure, Mister O'Ryan, I'm plazed ye're not buyin',
For faith, I'm not tryin' to sell him, ah no,
'Tis soonor I'd kape him an' make him an' shape him,
An' sell him a winner next year at the show."

Mr. O’Ryan.

“Ye can’t call him quick, he leps awkward an’ sticky,
He’ll never be tricky enough for the hounds;
He ’s rough an’ onruly, an’ so, Mister Dooley,
The most I can offer ye now is ten pounds.”

Mr. Dooley.

“Ten pounds! An’ him breedy an’ wonderful speedy,
Not one of thim weedy, flash three-cornered kind.
An’ honest to God now, was he better shod now,
Ye’d not pick the wall but he’d lave it behind.”

Mr. O’Ryan.

“Ten pounds is quite plenty—but I’ll give ye twenty
To make ye content—he’s not worth it, I swear!
But if ye will sell him step in the hotel an’
We’ll take a small drop just to shew that all’s square.”

Mr. Dooley,

“Well, as it ’s yerself, thin, me pride I’ll be shelfin’,
It ’s damn little pelf tho’ for such a foine baste—
But, us bein’ neighbours, I’ll give way, be jabers!
So let us step in,—I could do wid a taste.”

(They step in.)

The Dealer sells.

"Now, Cornel, if you will be steppin' this way,
I've got a young horse is intoirely grand,
He 's speedy an' breedy, can lep an' can stay,
Ye'll not find his like in the length av the land.

Cost a hundred an' fifty at Waterford Fair!
He 's by Irish Linen, that wonderful sire,
He 's out av a mare by The Pride av Kildare,
Just look at him once an' yerself is the buyer.

Dark chestnut in colour, he stands sixteen two,
He 's fit as a fiddle an' sound as a bell,
The broth av a boy for a horseman like you,
At the top av the hunt he will carry ye well.

'The day I first saw him I sez to meself
'He 's green but he 's good an' goes into his bit,'
So wid you in me mind, sorr, I pays up the pelf
An' kapes him six months to get handy an' fit.

Six months have I had him an' sure ye can see
He's conditioned enough to go into a race,
An' he'll be a winner, you take it from me,
The quality's there, sorr, an' so is the pace.

Over six foot of girth if ye measure him round,
Such well let down hocks as ye niver saw yet,
And niver agin will ye find legs so sound,
Or such wonderful bone, I am willing to bet.

Just look at thim quarters, that well set on tail,
Thim beautiful shoulders, that grand head an' neck,
Thim eyes showin' courage that niver will fail,
Thin come in the offis an' write me a cheque.

A horse of this stamp is so aisy to sell,
No need to waste breath all his praises to crack,
Ye can see for yerself he's the horse for a swell,
Ye must get yerself painted in pink on his back.

Two hundred 's the figure—I dursen't ask less,
Me profit will scarcely be buying a drink,
Here's the offis—now Cornel, ye're takin' him,—yes?
Mr. Harrison, sorr, will ye lend us some ink?"

The run of the season.

What sort of a day? Oh, a fizzer—the living best!
A screaming scent and, by jingo, they did go a crack.
I was always a field or more in front of the rest,
Riding a lane of my own to the left of the pack.

Over a ten mile point in the cream of the vale,
On a new young horse, and better has never worn shoes,
That chestnut I bought last March at a Cheltenham sale,
You've seen him I think, the one I call 'Carry the News.'

A picture to look at he is,—a wonder to ride,
Bold as a lion and gallops just like a machine,
Takes any fence that may come to him all in his stride,
Oxer, or strong stake and binder, or railing or rean.

Only had one horse out with me and, as it happened,
Those who had two never picked up their second at all:
When the fox broke I'd dismounted to tighten a strap and
No one was near when I saw him pop over the wall.

I let him get well away before giving a holloa;
The field was all crowded down the wrong end of the wood,
Out came the pack, I was there and the rest had to follow
Right round the long winding covert as best as they could.

Never before have the Gods, for some whimsical reason,
Granted me fortune to get away bang at the front,
With hounds all screaming ahead on the run of the season,
On the horse fit to remain with them right thro' the hunt.

The very first fence was one of the sort I most hate,
The sort that makes nine out of ten men mutter and stop,
Gaze at it hard for a moment, then make for a gate,
Four foot six rails, with a very considerable drop.

Up went his ears with delight the moment he saw them,
I gave him his head,—he dashed like a duck for a pond,
Shortened his stride then sprang, like an antelope, for them,
Landed a good twenty foot in the pasture beyond;

Landed as light as a cat and went on in his stride;
Laughing, the thunder of hoof beats behind me I heard,
Almost I shouted defiance aloud in my pride;
Next came a thorn and he flew it as swift as a bird.

So thro' the whole of that hunt from the start to the worry,
Never once faltered, or finished unduly distressed,
Taking all jumps as they came without seeming to hurry,
Shewing a clean pair of heels to a crowd of the best.

Sell him? Lord no! But I could have done after the kill,
Named my own figure and made a good profit of course:
Think I shall send him to Alf for a trial on the hill,
One never knows but he may be a National horse.

Unclean.

Here 's November once again,
Leaves are falling from the trees,
'There's a pleasant smell of rain
On the soft south breeze.

In the stable there are horses,
In the kennel there are hounds,
'There are foxes in the gorses,
But our chagrin knows no bounds.

For we smell that smell of burning,
See those gateways white with lime,
And although our hearts are yearning
For the happy hunting time,

When the pack shall scream in chorus
And the whip yell "Gone away!"
All the prospect now before us
Is—we cannot hunt to-day.

Though the fields are soft and green
And the leaves fall from the trees,
We are lepers, we're unclean,
We've got foot and mouth disease.

Cubbing.

Five o'clock do you say?
It's devilish dark,
A beast of a day,
There's fog in the park.
The bath water's cold,
I feel horribly old.
Oh why did I promise to rise with the lark?

I've got such a head.
Too early to eat.
I'll go back to bed.
This coffee's too sweet.
And a horse fighting fit
Pulling into his bit
Will sure buck me off on the way to the meet.

The cold is acute.
Oh damn this tar-mac!
Hold up there, you brute!
I think I'll turn back,
And never again
Come fine, or come rain,
Will I go out cubbing.—Hullo, here 's the pack!

Good-morning, old John,
Got a new bit o' blood?
'Twenty five couple on?
And don't they look good!
The sun's coming through,
And the sky 's turning blue,
And I hear there 's a litter in Cloverly Wood.

That 's Ravager's note.
There 's no need to smile,
Very deep on the throat,
I could tell it a mile.
'Course it isn't a hare,
Hark to Ravager there!
'Tally ho! There 's the cub slipping thro' by the stile.

* * * * *

We've dusted a brace.
By jove, but it 's hot!
I popped over one place
Just to shew 'em what 's what.
I'm off now,—are you?
Be home before two:
I wonder what sort of a lunch the cook 's got?

The Pitman's Derby.

(1924).

Cum, Geordie, putt thy hat on, man,
We'll gan to Gosforth reaces,
We'll back wor fancies theor to win,
We'll back them too for pleaces.

Look slippy noo, or we'll be leate,
And then thou'llt be a frownor,
Aa kna of one te win the Pleate,
An' Adam Scott 's the ownor.

A canny tip it is aa've got,
They say the nag 's a flyor,
Adam 's the lad to have a shot,
For he 's a bonny tryor.

A Tyneside tip, ye ondorstand,
Ye kna what that means, honey,
They caal the horse's name, Jazz Band,
We'll put on aal wor money.

Aa 's gannin te putt ten sovrens on,
That 's aal the brass aa've gotten
That 's fifty pund when Adam 's won
For five to one 's the betten.

* * * * *

Dost see yon bookie, taal an' slim?
Him standin' on the keg, lad?
We'll putt wor money on wi' him,
He 's nobbut got one leg, lad.

A one-legged man 'll not run far,
An' that 's a true word spoken,
For if he tried to run awa
He'd get the ithor broken.

* * * * *

Aa've put me bet—the ticket 's heor,
An' ten bob for wor Lizzie,
For ivory pund we'll cop five maor,
By Gox! It meakes me dizzy!

They're off! He 's gotten well away!
Gan on ye little devil!
Aa's warned if thou don't win the day
Aa'll jump off the High Level!

See heor they're comin' up the streaght!
He 's runnin' like a whippet!
He 's past the post! He 's won the Pleate,
The rest is aal outstrippit.

Aa'll buy wor Lizzie a new goon,
An' aa'll putt by a dollor,
'Gin when aa gans te Morpeth toon
Aa'll seek wor derg a collor.

* * * * *

Now let 's aal drink te Adam's health,
An' aal his nags se clivvor,
We'll wish him happiness an' wealth,
An' may he live for ivvor.

Blencathra.

Awake !

Awake 'tis the morn !

The sun shines o'er bracken and brake,
As a child from it's slumber the sun at dawn
Glows fresh, he kisses the calm of the mountain lake :
Sounds clear over Skiddaw the note of the hunter's horn,
And the hounds take the drag over heather and crag,
Till they view him and kill on a Cumberland hill ;
So who'll lie abed when the night clouds have fled ?
The red fox is springing, all nature is singing
Awake !

A Passing.

THE PERSONS.

Curly.
Jerry.
Tom.
A clergyman.
A doctor.
A bookmaker.

SCENE I.

A CARD PARTY.

Jerry :

(Getting up and going over to pull up one of the window blinds.)

Hullo, boys ! It's morning,
The sun's up, I'm yawning,
I'm going to turn in, I'm too tired for more play.

Tom :

You turn in, too, Curly,
We've got to rise early,
Remember, the race of your life is to-day.

Curly :

Good-night to you, Jerry,
The time has been merry
But I've done with the cards, for I can't stand the pace,
Short life and a sweet 'un
I've played and I'm beaten,
And broke to the world if I don't win the race.
I thought I should win it,
Rob says, I'm not in it,
'That my mare 'gainst Cracksman don't stand a dog's chance,
And I bet Harry Bevel
Five thousand pound level
I'd win, if I don't its the first boat to France:
They say that this Cracksman
Will make us all hacks, man,
I don't call it fair when they enter a horse,
That was bred for real racing,
Not hunting, but chasing,
They say he can gallop the National course,
The distance may stump him,
If so, I can thump him,
For Maid o' the Mist can stay on for a day,
She can gallop for ever,
He's fast, but she's clever,
And nothing can stop her that comes in her way;
'Twas only last Friday
The hounds had a bye-day,
A fox from the quarries to baffle us tried,
We killed in White Pasture,
Myself and the master
Were all that were left at the end of the ride,
And Tredington brook, it
Was full, but she took it,

Tho' Tom, here, and Harry went in for a drink,
But five of us tried it,
The rest of 'em shied it,
Its twenty feet wide and as deep too I think.
Why Jerry you're yawning,
The sun's up, it's morning
The drink and the cards have played hell with my nerves
And my head's aching sadly,
My hand too shakes badly,
If I'm broke folks 'll say "It's just what he deserves;"
For while you've got money
The world is all honey,
You've friends, dice, women and horses to cheer,
But once you have spent it
Sit down and repent it,
When money is gone the rest soon disappear.
"The Maid" ne'er was fitter
I hope I can sit her,
The drink knocks your seat, but I'll put up a fight,
I'll ride her like thunder
And if she don't blunder
I'll win, yes, I'll win!—I'm so sleepy, good-night.

SCENE II.

THE POINT TO POINT.

Jerry :

Here we are Tom, I've put on the money, two to one is the
best to be got,
They've made Curly favourite, that's funny, for Cracksman's
the pick of the lot.
I hope Curly wins it, poor devil, if he doesn't he's just about
broke,
But he's not such a jockey as Bevel, and Cracksman can
gallop like smoke ;
He has drawn number five, just the middle, and Bevel has
got the inside.
Curly used to be fit as a fiddle, but he's never been right
since she died,
You remember her, Tom ?

Tom :

Why I've carried her often when she was so high,
I was there on the day they were married, it was cruel that
she had to die.

Jerry :

On the night she was taken he nearly went mad ;

Tom :

Did go mad, I think,
He was straight as a die till then, really, and now it's all
cards and drink.

And he's come to the end of his tether, that is if he doesn't win.

Omnes :

Now they're off!

Jerry :

'They're away well together, he don't mean to get shut in, See, he's leading 'em all already and Bevel is lying last.

Tom :

Oh, the fool! Oh, why can't he go steady? He's making the pace too fast.

Now pull a bit back to your horses, don't finish the race at the start;

He can't win like this, for the course is too stiff and he'll break the mare's heart:—

Well jumped! By jove, nothing can stop her, she makes all the others look slow.

Jerry :

He ought to have taken a cropper, the pace he is making her go.

A Bookmaker :

Fours bar one, and fifties Forsaken, and six to one Maid o' the Mist!

Jerry :

Six tenners to one, there, you're taken; Tom, stick it down on the list.

Tom :

Now Cracksman is coming on faster and so is the grey mare, Spring Gown,

But Maid o' the Mist can outlast her.

Jerry :

By Jove—no, she 's not,—yes,—she 's down.

Tom :

It looks a bad fall from the distance,—

A Bystander :

Is he hurt ?

Jerry :

Hope the devil he 's not.

Has anyone gone for assistance?—See, Cracksman comes
home in a trot.

SCENE III.

IN THE WEIGHING TENT.

Curly :

Well, tell me the worst, am I dying? Have I come to the
end of my rope?

Doctor :

Well, Sir, it's no use lying, I really can't give much hope.

(To the Clergyman)—

He may live another hour, maybe only a minute or two,
I've done all that is in my power, and I fear it's a job for you.

Clergyman :

My friend, now your life is ending, and your walk on earth
is trod,

In prayer you the time should be spending, preparing to
meet your God;

At the doors of death you are lying, at the gate of Heaven
and bliss.

Curly :

'Tis strange to be really dying:—

Jerry :

Good heavens, I can't stand this,

Curly :

To hell with your death-bed repentance, a man should die
hard and cool,

Not whimpering out a sentence excusing himself, like a fool ;

I'll end my life as I've lived it, racing from start to post :
At speeches I never was gifted, and at praying I couldn't
much boast :
A man can't tell where he's going once the doors of death
are past,
And the stream of life has stopped flowing and the ending
has come at last.
But what is the use of repining, why cringe in the parting hour,
You can't save your soul by whining, nor tears give a man
more power ;
My life's been a bit of a raker, but a God can see through
bluff,
I shall go as I am to my Maker, and—damn it—that's bad
enough,
When He asks for an explanation, I shall say I've enjoyed
the earth,
Done nothing to earn salvation, and never been thought
much worth ;
My soul? It's too late to clean it, it isn't like cleaning a pan,
And if God is a god as I mean it, that being a straight, just
man,
He will know far better than any, the kind of life I've led,
And I won't start and pray like many, because they are sick
in bed ;
I hate your sneak and your liar, and I hate your hypocrite
worse,
And I shouldn't go up any higher were I able to hymn a
verse ;
I'm sorry I'm going to leave you, be I bound for Heaven or
Hell,
Not that I think it will grieve you, but because I love life
too well ;
In November the hounds will be flying and horses be galloping
sharp,

And I,—well, I'll either be frying or twanging away on the
 harp,
 Which is in its way very pleasant, the height of all bliss to
 some,
 But give me the rocketing pheasants, that swift o'er the
 tree-tops come;
 Let me get up on old Stormy, that is the heaven for me,
 With the cry of the foxhounds before me, galloping fast and
 free,
 Charging at bullfinch or water or chancing an ugly spill
 At the wall that is coped with mortar and coming in first
 at the kill:
 Still I'd like to get up to heaven, that is when I'm stiff
 and dead,
 Tho' the chances are one in seven, seeing the life I've led;
 I'm a very poor hand at singing, for myself I don't much care,
 But, where the best songs are ringing, I shall find the
 "Missus" there;
 She said she would wait for me, Jerry, till I left this world
 below,
 And again we'll make love and be merry—why, I'm feeling
 quite glad to go:
 I'm going, I think, in a minute,—it 's getting so—hard—to
 speak,
 The race?—yes—I thought I should—win it, you'll forget me
 —you chaps, in a week.
 How's the Maid?

Tom :

She's all right.

Curly :

That's splendid, we put up a damn good fight,
 But it seems that it wasn't intended—
 I'm coming—my darling—good-night!

Down Berkeley way.

Oh I know a vale and a long green vale
That borders the Severn, so broad and cool,
And the fences there they are stiff but fair,
And wire 's the exception and not the rule.

Now Rockhampton Rean it is deep and green,
And Rockhampton Rean it is wide and wet,
And you're likely to stay there all the day,
Both you and your horse if inside you get.

And the folk who ride by that Severn side
They are hard to follow and worse to beat;
And when bitches fly on a scent breast high,
They don't let the grass grow under their feet.

And of all good men there are four I ken,
Four brothers who stand out alone, I say,
There's Hastings and Tim and Fred and Ben,
They'll know who I mean down Berkeley way.

Little Red Fox.

Where the woodland runs up to the heather,
That blooms 'mid the cliffs and the rocks,
Looking out on the fine autumn weather,
Sat little Red Fox.

Hard by lay the vixen his mother,
Gazing down on the valley beneath,
Said she: "There thy father and brother
Ran to meet death."

But the cub sat and longed to discover
The world that from far he had seen,
And he cried: "I'll go down to the covert
And valley so green."

Then the vixen said: "Yes, thou'rt no longer
A baby; I don't like to boast,
But thou'rt braver and wiser and stronger
And faster than most.

So, away to the valley and covert!
Away from the heather and rocks:
But first hark to the word of thy mother,
My little Red Fox.

When the horn soundeth loud in the morning,
As thou liest in thy bracken green lair,
Then arise, for the sound is a warning
The hunters are there.

Dost thou wish to grow old, grey and wizened?
Take heed, and thou shalt not go wrong."
And the little Red Fox sat and listened
To the old vixen's song.

VIXEN'S SONG.

Wind in the south,
Rain in the sky,
Hark, the horn sounding!
Hark, the hounds cry!
Then away from the woodlands
The hunters are nigh,
Little Red Fox.

Away o'er the pasture!
Away thro' the wood!
Hounds running faster,
Lusting for blood,
Then back to the homeland!
Thro' mire and thro' mud,
Little Red Fox.

Close they will follow
Hot on the trail.
Hark to the holloa!
Courage may fail,
But keep galloping onwards,
Thy cheek to the gale,
Little Red Fox.

If there be cattle,
Succour is lent,
Half of the battle
Dies with the scent,
So alter thy line then
To where the cows went,
Little Red Fox.

Home thou may'st reach
If thou art sly,
Experience will teach
Far more than I:
If they catch thee, then show them
Thou know'st how to die,
Little Red Fox."

The song of the vixen was ended,
She bade him be cunning and bold,
Then his way to the valley he wended,
Feeling so old.

Three seasons he dwelt in the valley,
In a large rabbit burrow he found,
And ran when he heard the hunt rally,
Safely to ground.

He lived upon rabbit and pheasant,
He raided the hen roosts by night,
He thought the whole world very pleasant,
As truly he might.

Till one morn, as he heard the loud holloa,
He said to himself in his pride,
"I'm so clever and fast, let them follow,
And gallop and ride."

So he bounded as light as a feather
And away o'er the valley he sped
Towards that place far up in the heather,
Where he had been bred.

The cry of the hounds far behind him
Came closer the farther he went,
The rain seemed to choke him and blind him
And strengthen the scent.

Then the heather glowed purple before him,
And the home of his youth was in view,
And the sight of it strengthened and bore him
Courage anew.

Sharp stones cut his pads as he scrambled
Up the path he had once known so well,
On the rocks, where, a cub, he had gambolled,
He staggered and fell.

Then strong came the sound of the horn in
His ears as he dashed o'er the rocks,
At the mouth of the earth he was born in,
Died little Red Fox.

A Berkeley Toast

Come sportsmen fill your glasses up
For I've a toast to give,
Here's "Hunters all in box or stall
That with our pack can live."
No matter if ye toast in wine,
In cider, or in ale,
Fill up and pass the bottle round,
We'll drink to every fox that 's found,
We'll drink to every horse and hound
That hunts in Berkeley Vale.

Then fill your glasses up again
And we'll drink one toast more,
Here's "Those we knew, good men and true,
Who've ridden on before."
And by this toast ye all must know
Their mem'ries shall not pale,
So let us pledge them now with pride,
Those byegone sons of Severn side,
Those splendid men, who used to ride
Along the Berkeley Vale.

Hunting Song.

Thro' covert they're dashing
Thro' bracken they're crashing,
"Yooi over there, wind him and drive him along."
Into chorus they're striking—
Now Drifty, now Viking,
Now the whole pack burst loud into glorious song,
And its—"Yooi in there to him and drive him along."

Reynard pricks up his ears
When the music he hears,
Shakes the dew from his brush and slinks out of his lair.
O'er the wall he comes leaping,
Up the pasture he's creeping,
And Danny the whip has his cap in the air.
"Tally ho! gone away! he's an old 'un, I swear."

"Cram your hats and get ready
Hold hard, there, sir, steady.
Hark for'ad! my beauties, hark for'ad away."
Out 'o covert they're breaking,
The country he's taking
Will let but the best see the end of the day.
Tally Ho! Tally Ho! Now, Hark for'ad away!

The field great and small
Make a dash for the wall,
Away o'er the pasture they're galloping fast.
"What a terrible pace, sir,
It's just like a race, sir,
And there's none but the thorough-bred horses 'll last.
There's no knowing what blood 'uns 'll do when their asked."

Now they're running to view,
Of the field but a few
Are left, but those few struggle on in a group:
Now they're pulling him over,
The little Red Rover
Has run his last race "so yoicks tear him who-ooop!
He was game to the last was Red Rover; Who-ooop!"

A word in season.

When the rain-clouds o'erhead hover
And the hounds are breaking covert
Close behind the old red rover,
Can't you hear the first whip yell?
Do you grouse about the weather
As you pull your horse together,
And you gallop 'hell-for-leather'
Over pasture, plough or fell?

Tho' your overdraft's appalling,
And your stocks and shares are falling,
And the tax-collector's calling;
Trouble leaves you for a spell
When you feel a good horse under,
One that never makes a blunder,
And you're galloping like thunder
Over pasture, plough or fell.

And so now if you are wise you
'll just let one who knows advise you,
When hounds run each trouble flies you,
As all hunting folk will tell:
Though your worries are so chronic
That you'd rather have bubonic,
Get a horse and take a tonic
Over pasture, plough and fell.

The Five Furlong Race.

The paddock's full of horses
And they've put the numbers up
You can hear the ring men roaring
And the prices for the Cup,
And the ladies on the club stand
And the tipsters on the course
Are excited as can be—and oh,
It's all about a horse:
"An' I got it from the stable!"
Cry the tipsters on the course.

The trainer of the favorite
Has a smile upon his face,
And the little black outsider
Has a chance to win the race;
The crowd is round the favourite,
He's a big upstanding bay,
And the tipsters on the course all swear
He's going to win the day,
And it's "Put your money on, sir,
For he'll simply walk away!"

There are over sixteen horses
Lining up to face the gate,
The starter 'll have no easy job
To get them started straight,
They're kicking and they're plunging,
And the jocks are swearing loud,
And the noise is never ceasing
From the bookies in the crowd,
And it's: "Any price outsiders!"
Shout the bookies in the crowd.

They're off! The favourite's leading!
See each bookie's anxious face!
He 's making all the running
At a most terrific pace;
A flash of colours past the post,
Green, blue, pink, mauve and red,
And the four to one on favourite
Just gets beaten by a head,
For that little black outsider
Beats the favourite by a head.

Thawing.

The black frost has broken at last,
The days of our sadness have passed,
The warm rain is falling so soft on the ground:
Here 's a health to the horse,
Here 's a health to the hound,
Here 's a health to the hunting horn's glorious sound,
And we meet at the squire's i' the morning.

Ye skaters away with your skates,
The Ice-King hath ended his fetes,
The wind 's veered south, there'll be mud to the hocks,
So bring out your hunters
From stall and from box,
For once more we'll go hunting the little red fox,
And we meet at the squire's i' the morning.

The ballad of the Squire's Daughter

'Twas the opening day of the season,
The fences were thick and blind,
But we joyously rode to covert,
To a wood where we always find:

And what a crowd of horsemen
Were at the covert side,
In leathers white and scarlet;
All gallant men to ride.

And many a handsome lady
Well mounted for the fray.
I never saw a finer field
Than on that opening day.

But among those noble ladies,
The brightest and most fair,
Was the squire's only daughter
On a well-bred chestnut mare.

Squire Harding's only daughter,
Diana she was named;
Throughout the country for her
Splendid riding she was famed;

For not another lady
In the country could compete
With the Squire's only daughter
For beauty, hands, or seat.

Now Miss Diana Harding,
Had suitors, one, two, three;
They were, Captain Brown, Jim Ashton
And the Rev. Thomas Leigh.

The Captain was a hunting man,
Jim Ashton so was he,
And the only one that wasn't
Was the Rev. Thomas Leigh.

Now Diana to the Captain
And Jim Ashton then did say,
"I will wed the man that brings to me
The fox's brush to-day.

But there are only two of you,
And I have suitors three,
So, I, myself am riding
For the Rev. Thomas Leigh:

And if I am there before you
When they pull the red fox down
Then Tom Leigh can come and take me
For his very, very own."

Jim Ashton rode "The Watcher,"
A big upstanding bay,
Who could jump the very stiffest gate
And gallop for a day.

The Captain rode "Olympus,"
A clever looking black,
Who could carry fourteen stone
As if he'd nothing on his back.

And the squire's only daughter,
To beat this sporting pair,
Came out on little "Heath-bell,"
A well-bred chestnut mare.

And the wildest of excitement
Was seen in every face,
For we all had heard the story
And we waited for the race.

The keeper at the covert side
He grinned as though to say:
"I knows as I am going to earn
My find money to-day."

A real well bottomed covert
Where heather and bracken grow,
And hounds went in with a cheery dash
As if they seemed to know

That the game old white tagged varmint
In his couch of bracken lay,
And the only open fox earth
Was full seven miles away.

The squire himself went with them,
Right down the soft green ride,
And Dan the whipper-in was
Watching on the other side:

First there came a whimper
And then a better note,
And then a splendid chorus
Seemed to burst from every throat.

The squire saw him cross the ride
And cheered his beauties on,
Two, four, six, eight, sixteen couple,
They were at him every one.

"Hark for'ad, for'ad to him"
Came the squire's voice so gay,
And the next we heard was
Danny yelling, "Tally ho! Away!"

"Hold hard! Give hounds a moment."
We heard the squire roar,
Then like a start for the "National"
Over the grass we tore.

Over a dozen pastures,
Over a brook, and now
Right down a furzy hillside
On to a holding plough.

Passing Brownbeck village,
Bearing away to the right
Till the big, green, rolling common
Of Walton appeared in sight.

Galloping o'er the common,
Hounds running strong and true,
The squire found his hunter
Had cast his off fore shoe.

With never a check to rest us,
The pace began to tell:
A slip at a double oxer
And Danny the whipper fell.

Like hare before the greyhounds,
The Captain led the way,
The squire's daughter close behind
Then Ashton on the bay.

The pack were almost out o' sight.
And racing hard for blood,
Our horses white with lather,
Our breeches black with mud.

We saw the hounds pull down their fox
Then from the road a man
Ran in in time to save the brush;
And then the race began.

The squire's daughter led the way,
The other two gave chase,
Hardly a neck between the three;
And the rest of us watched the race.

Only one fence between them
And the spot where the screaming pack
Were striving to pull Red Rover
From the man who was beating them back.

Over the fence together,
And then the final burst,
Flogging and spurring like mad folk,
And Jim Ashton got there first.

Crying, as from his horse he sprang,
"Quick, give the brush to me!"
"I rather think I'll keep it,"
Said the Rev. Thomas Leigh.

Gone Away !

In Memoriam—Tom Higgins, first whip to the
Tynedale Hounds, who was killed in the
hunting field on November 28th, 1910.

How often have we seen you where the covert meets the sky,
Standing gaily in your stirrups, with your cap held up on high,
While above the merry chorus rose aloud your cheery cry :—
“ Gone away ! ”

How often have our hearts rejoiced to hear your holloa tell
That the fox was on before us over pasture, plough and fell ;
While we've raced behind the music of the pack you loved so
well,
“ Gone away ! ”

Alas ! you've gone away yourself, in this world never more
Shall we hear your ringing holloa tell that Reynard's on before,
Till you cry a cheery welcome as we reach the further shore
“ Gone away ! ”

So it's not good-bye for ever, though we lay you now below,
In the broad Elysian pastures where they say good sportsmen
go,
Once more we'll see your cap held high and hear your view
holloa !
“ Gone away ! ”

